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OYSTERS.

THE HETUCK.

Vol. I.

NEWARK, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 3.



A Bit of High School Romance



Marion Wentworth had the blues—nothing new probably in a school girl's phraseologoy, but certainly new to Marion. She was only an average girl, but a very sweet average nevertheless—sunny tempered, pleasing to gaze upon and running over with the healthful love of life and all it may contain.

But today everything had gone wrong, even in her favorite study. "For," as she gloomly pondered, "she had given an awful recitation in Virgil." Miss Temple had very kindly excused her on the grounds of the coming excitements and anticipated pleasures of the Christmas holidays. But Marion kney very well that she had not failed in Latin recitation because tomorrow was the last day of school before Christmas week. "O no! worse than that," she mourned, pathetically, with a downward droop to her mouth, which was at the same time funny and distracting, at least to a certain very nice pair of blue eyes watching her.

The shadows of the early evening were already falling and the usual bustle and cheerful hurry of home-going had almost died away. Occasionally a shrill voice calling upon some one—"To hurry up," or the mild (?) voice of a teacher imploring silence, broke the quiet; but gradually even these ceased and only the noise of the broom and the odor of a dust-laden atmosphere, betokened that the good-natured janitor was still laboring with the dust and mud of deserted school rooms.

Marion watched the thin veil of dust rise over the corridor, pierced here and there with the bright lancets of a descending sun, but made no movement to go. Almost hidden by the dark corner made by the stair-case, she sat immovable, taken by the few passersby to be the janitor's wife, resting for a little from her labors.

Presently the blue eyes of the lone watcher came a little nearer, as their owner slipped up another step from the labatory and put his head over the railing, disclosing a boyish face with a mass of curly bright hair, and a good-natured smile, which always made him welcome. Marion's thoughts and eyes were far away from actual happenings, however, and so she still sat quietly motionless, one hand hanging over the railing, conveying in part the general drooping spirits of its owner. With a twinkle in "the very nice blue eyes," John Marlowe stooped a very little toward that hand with its pathetically drooping fingers. Just a very little-Then! if inaction had characterized them a moment before they were certainly galvanized into immediate action now. For there was a rustle of temptestuous petticoats—the bang of an overturned chair -and the old corridor was left in peace, save on the stairs. John Marlowe, who put one hand up to a cheek which was slowly turning to a brilliant hue, and whose tingling surface gave significant evidence of the strength one small palm may possess.

In the cloak-room of No. I, Marion flung on her jacket and bright Tam-O-Shanter, and heedless of unstrapped books or the necessary implements of night study, ran down the few corridor steps, relieving her overcharged feelings in a terrific bang of the front door.

The clear crisp air of an ideal winter evening cooled her heated cheeks and led her thoughts into more cheerful channels. But after an early supper—alone in her own room—she endeavored to fix her thoughts on Queen Dido and the noble Aeneas and found her mind wandering to the brightly lighted chapel, where she knew a gay concourse of her friends and fellow-students were gathering to hear the Christmas lecture. She knew just how the dear

old stage would look with its borrowed screens and the ridiculous table woul its absurd cover, and she could almost hear Professor Mathers introducing the lecturer with the usual, "It is my pleasure this evening," and the bad jokes he would attempt before the laughter and applause drove him off the platform.

O yes, it was all dear and familiar, an then-she supposed John would be there in the fourth row of the middle section-the-he-always sat there, and beside him who but Margaret Howe. O, it was horrid! and never before had John missed asking her-Marion-to the numerous school festivities. And she had been so proud of him with his broad shoulders, and then—he was a Senior, and every one knows what an honor it is to have a Senior escort if you are an insignificant Junior, and especially so when he was the most popular man (?) in his class. How the other girls had always looked up to her—it was always "John and Marion" in everything, and now-A big tear fell on Queen Dido's arm which threatened to drown the unhappy queen. Indeed for a little there was quite a steady down-pour until Aeneas must have thought the salty billows would soon cover him,

Marion went over all the little gossiping tales which had so changed her little world. It had come very straight. Margaret Howe's little brother, Fred, had told Grace Edmiston's big brother, Frank, and he had told Grace and she had told Sarah Cummins, and she in turn had told Emma Martin and Emma had in the greatest confidenct told Isabel Richardson, who was Marion's best friend, and who of course told her at once-that John Marlowe had asked Margaret Howe to go to the Christmas lecture. Naturally it had grown a little with each repetition, so by the time it reached Marion it was a formidable intelligence. And Marion learned that John "was weary of her childishness and desired a more womanly companion"-Margaret was a Senior-"a girl more suited to his manly (?) taste."

So for the last two days Marion had steadily avoided him—delaying her noon flittings until she saw him swing off carrying Margaret's book straps—and at night staying late on a pretense of study. And now she supposed he was enjoying the lecture with his "more womanly companion"—bang!! Virgil landed upside down and the mirror reflected her flushed face as she scornfully regarded the long pigtail of brown hair. "Well, she would show him"—

and then that disgraceful episode in the corner of the corridor! and hurriedly pouring some water in a bowl, she washed and scrubbed her poor hand as if to positively remove all contamination. A night's restless turnings brought no comfort, and she dressed early and started for school, not stopping as usual, for Isabel, who however, saw her and after repeated "plertings" and callings induced her to wait. As soon as she caught up with her, she cried out in worder: "Why, Marion Wentwort": what have you done to your hair." The disgraced pigtail was tied up closely to Marion's head with a big bow of blue ribbon. "It looks very nice, dear, but so differentand O yes, what do you think-that was not true at ali about John. Margaret was at the concert, but with Jim Winchester, and John didn't go at all. He told me last night that he had been trying to see you for two days, and how sorry he was he couldn't go and take you, but his father is awfully sick and they needed him at home, and that he did so want to explain to you—that horrid Howe kid ought to—--O, hello girls—got my Latin? Well, I should say not. I think Aeneas had-" The rest of the conversation was lost to Marion, however, and she hurried to her own desk ashamed and humbledl.

When John came in a little pale and wearied from an all night's watching, she surprised him with a "good morning," so like herself, that he felt much cheered for the day's work and smiled into his physical geography, recalling the incident in the corridor and marvelling, as all men have and always will, on the wondrous ways of women in general. At noon however, Marion's courage failed her and she waited until the building was quite desected. Evening found the high school in a bustle of fun and merriment-it was the last night before vacation-teachers scrurried here and there smiling over queer tisone paper paper bundles, and bearing wishes of a merry Christmas to all. Merry-eyed lassies hung mistletoe over the cloak-room mirror, and packed up battered books with much mirth and gladness; all the happy confusion of school life was at its height; grim professors made brilliant specenes to eager lads on "the proper, ancient observance of holiday custems," and gentle women, to whom enough hener is never given, smiled their pleasant wishes to freed school birds.

Finally it was all over and the janitor gave a leng sigh of relief, as he and his trusty broom once more assailed the dusty rooms. Night came on rapidly, and occasionally here and there a bright gas jet illuminated the inky blackness of the dear old corridor. In one corner under a flaming jet, Marion pored over a nasty Latin translation—her jacket and Tam lying on the radiator, getting nice and warm, for the outside air was full of scurrying snow-flakes. The light fell very pleasantly on the brown head with the touch of gold—at least John thought so—as he slipped up behind her, holding high over her head,

a branch of mistletoe. A moment's start and then Marion's cheeks rivalled the holly at her belt, while Prof. Mathers, coming back for a forgotten treatise, smiled wistfully at the pretty tableau, and surprised his wife that night at the supper table by assuring her "that a little healthful sentiment is highly beneficial to the good and uplifting standards of a well regulated High School.

DAISY KATHRYN BURNER, '06.

Literary Societies Literary Societies

The exercises of the literary societies for December have proved very interesting. The following excellent program was rendered in Chapel by Society A on December 7:

S	ong	School
0	ration Louis	Daerr
E	ssayGeorge	Baker
V	ocal SoloLuli	1 Starr
D	eclamationLulu H	artong
D	ebate-Resolved, That municipal ownership	of pub-
	lic works would be beneficial to any city.	
	A 66 Manua Duian Non T Confold II.	

Aff. Mary Prior. Neg. J. Garfield Hughes. ChronicleJean Moore

* * * *

Literary Society B rendered the following program on December 14:

Current Events	Ray Perkins
Autobiography	Shirley Pitser
Essay	Edwin Stewart
Solo	Stella Howard
LettersLulu May I	Barrick, Ruth Speer
Oration	Alice Gray
Paraphrase	Leo Davis

* * * *

Society A will have charge of the exercises to be given on December 21, the last school day, previous to the Christmas vacation:

The following program will be rendered:

The following program will be rendered:			
ChorusGlee Club			
Description			
Recitation			
Joint Debate-Resolved, that there should not be a			
property qualification to the right of franchise.			
Aff. Amy C. Franklin, Ralph B. Miller.			
Neg. Florence Parrish, Howard E. Brillhart.			
Christmas StoryFlora Fisher			
ProphecyGideon Lippencott			
OrationOlive Spencer			
Vocal Solo			

Accidents befall all of us and we term ourselves as unlucky. But many important discoveries have resulted from accidents, so it is not always luck that brings about the final result.

The art of etching was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter who accidentally dropped a few drops of fluor-hydric acid upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass corroded and softened where the acid had touched it, which was hint enough. He then drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing and when the varnish was removed the drawing appeared raised on a dark ground.

The invention of Mezzotint resulted from the simple accident of a gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusty with dew.

The swaying of a clandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of a pendulem.

A poor musician perfected the art of lithographing through a suggestion made by accident. He being very curious, wished to know 11 music couldn't be etc.ea on stone as well as brass, so he prepared a slab on which to experiment. When he had prepared the stone, his mother told him to make a list of the clothes which he wished to sena in the wash. As he had no ink, pen or paper at hand, he just jotted it down upon the stone, thinking he would make a copy of it at his leisure. A few days later when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid and in a few minutes the writing stood out in full relief. He then inked the stone and took off an impression. Hence we have the lithograph. Such accidents are occuring every day, but it isn't every one that can take advantage of them.

C. B. D. '01.



POTPOURRI HONORION CONTROL CONTR



The foot ball season is over, and now we hope all surplus energy will be directed towards making a record in our numerous studies. Perhaps some day, some wise man will find a method for transforming all the energy expended on and about the grid-iron. to the pursuit of knowledge. What records would be made!

There is one thing about which pupils soon grow careless. We refer to the case of school property. Some people seem possessed with a desire to cut their initials on everything with which they come in contact. There is an old couplet which describes such people.

Now, school property is and should be sacred. It is to be preserved at all hazards, and whosoever defaces or destroys it lays himself liable to severe penalties. We trust we shall have no trouble with our pupils in this regard. We cannot efface the scars of past years, but we can preserve the new furniture intact from such outlandish practices.

We noticed a statement in one of our daily papers not long since, which averred that pupils in our schools were forging excuses and urging the matter to be "sat down" on. Now, the writer of that article evidently never taught school, or he would know that this is no evil so persistently looked after and fought against than false excuses. Many a time in our experience have we run down these cases and found that the parents in order to shield the pupil, would uphold the pupil. It is one of the problems that we have to face, and deal with each case as circumstances seem to demand.

2 .38.

A new departure in the way of report cards has been inaugurated. It has been deemed best that parents should not have to wait till the end of the semestre to learn the standing of their children. Parents will take notice that p and m do not denote satisfactory work, and a continuance of that grade of work means failure.

There were doubtless some disappointments when the Reports went home this month. We trust that all parents will co-operate with the teachers in securing better work from the P and M pupils.

One thing impresses us and that is this. Boys. and girls also, seem to have too much time to spend down street. If a boy is down town every night, it is (to use his own slang) a "cinch" that his lessons are suffering from a lack of proper attention. These reports are designed to let parents know each month just what their children are doing.

×2

We have noticed with great interest the literary efforts put forth by our younger pupils. It seems an effort for some, but a little practice will soon put them more at ease. The younger people should bear in mind the fact that they are not expected to do as well as those who have had more practice. Let each make all the preparation possible, and do his very level best.

38

We have been the recipients of many compliment; on The Hetuck, from various school men in the state, and several have expressed a desire to have copies of the paper sent them. The High School paper bids fair to become a popular thing among the Ohio schools.

There is one thing on which we pride ourselves, and that is the singing of our pupils. There is nothing so inspiring as the sound of fresh young voices singing joyously together. Yes, joyously, for they are in their halcyon days, and the worries and troubles of life have not yet put the querulous tone or sombre timbre into their voices. Your tones are an index to your souls, and the sound of your care-free singing causes those of us who are older to realize that we have passed that joyous, care-free period, and, stifling the rising in our throats, we breathe a prayer and benediction over you, and gird ourselves afresh to fit you for the time when you must drop your carefree ways and battle with the stern realities of life.



A Christmas Visitor



Busy hours of work were past,
Daylight now departed,
Darkness, black and thick, was cas:
O'er all the earth and sky.

Cold and chill, the wind that night Blew the snow-flakes briskly, Village lamps sent forth their light, Drawing loved ones homeward.

Little did the busy throng
Mind the cold wind blowing,
Many hearts were filled with song,
At the merry Yule-tide.

Yes, 'twas Christmas eve, and in This village, full of cheer, Homefolk with their kith and kin, All were bright and happy.

Thro' the streets there passed a Child,
Pale and sweet and fair,
Worn and old his garments were,
His tiny feet were cold and bare.

On, the little Stranger walked,
Thro' the snow and sleet,
No one saw Him as He slip't
In and out, with footsteps fleet,

In he peeked at windows bright,
On happy children gaily dressed,
Smiling, gazed he at the sight
As they romped and played.

Still on and on he wandered,
Passing from place to place,
With grim hunger and fatigue,
Pictured on the tiny face.

Wistful, sad, with eyes quite dim,
Turned he silent from the scene,
Ah, quite well he knew, for him
None had either thought or place.

Then he came to a cottage home,
That was very rude and plain,
There a Mother and her child
Saw he thro' the window pane.

Hushing, on her breast the child Softly sang she sweet and low, Of the blessed Christ-child's birth, By the ruddy embers glow.

Timid came the Stranger Child,
Opened wide the cottage door,
Crept to the arms of the Mother mild,
Welcomed by her loving smile.

Sweetly in her face he gazed,

Closely to her bosom pressed,

As again her voice she raised,

Singing o'er the gladsome song.

Filled was her heart with this new love,
Perfect peace and joy untold,
As she sang of Christ above,
Who came to seek and save.

Overcome, for a while she sat
Gazing into the dying flame,
When, lo, the Stranger had slipt away
Into the darkness, whence he came.

Humbly holding her own babe close,
Whispered she softly to it thus—
"Darling, we are all unworthy,
But the Christ-child came to us."
—G. M. B., '01.

THE HETUCK.

A Monthly Magazine, Published by the Seniors of the High School, Newark, Ohio.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Associate Editors SHIRLEY PITSER MARY PRIOR
LUCILE HARRINGTON
J. GARFIELD HUGHES

SUBSCRIPTION, - 50c A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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For advertising rates address the Business Manager.

Press of the Advocate Printing Co., Newark, Ohio



To our friends and patrons—We wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* *

The Hetuck was the first Newark publication to go through our new post office, which has recently been erected, and of which we are so justly proud.

* *

Christmas is here once more, with its joys and sorrows—ay, sorrows—for does not that day often recall many sad recollections. Then stop to think that whilst we are enjoying luxuries and delicacies, thousands are starving, or perhaps freezing to death. We in our selfish pleasures forget all this. Let us remember that on Christmas we celebrate Christ's birthday and that it was He who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and "Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Some changes have been made in the arrangement of articles for The Hetuck. Hereafter we shall attempt to arrange the articles to a better advantage. We hope to have each article, or department, cover one page, and thus add to the general appearance of the magazine.

* *

The foot ball season has closed with the ability of the Newark team highly established. But three games were played with out-of-town teams, in all of which Newark won the day—defeating the first and second teams of Denison and the Westerville team.

* *

A new room for the class in Physics has recently been fitted up. It is seated with college chairs, and in it is placed the new physical cabinet. In the manual, accompanying this cabinet, five hundred and three experiments are suggested to be made with it, and after one has become acquainted with the apparatus many others may be performed. It is a fine piece of furniture, one that the High School is proud to have in its possession.

y y

The December Hetuck is the last number to be issued in the Nineteenth century. How many of us realize that it is the last Chistmas tide we Seniors shall be together as schoolmates. While we look forward with pleasure to the time when school lessons will be o'er—but few of us give thought to what the life lesson may be. After all there is something sad in graduating—parting with ones classmates—never again to meet under the same circumstances. We are the class of 1901—the first class to graduate in the Twentieth century. May we make a good beginning—setting a high standard that all may be proud to follow. Let us welcome in the new century with three cheers for 1901.

× ×

- I had a dream the other night, when all around was still:
- I dreamed that each subscriber came right up and paid his bill.

The above was taken from The Kero,

Yes, we too, have those dreams, and we know dreams always go by the contrarys.



THE SAYINGS OF ELDER ELLERY.

Whose looketh for a balloon often stubbeth his toe.

He who thinketh that he walks solitarily in the straight and narrow path often findeth that he is only in a rut of self-prejudice.

He that goeth forth to catch a sucker often comes back with a snag on his hook.

The trouble with lots of young men is that they try to raise the devil, and then kick when he becomes of age. Which is my way of saying that it doesn't pay to sow wild oats.

He who would hitch his wagon on a star often getteth the harness on a comet, and is thereby jerkt off his feet.

If thou thinkest there is a sucker sorn every minute, go thou forth into the world, and try to gather in some of these.

Thou wilt find that at the moment thy birth star was due, there was an extraordinary sucker born.

× ×

When you're bicycling, and come to a long tedious hill, if you're wise, you don't dismount, and lie down by the side of the road, in the shadow of the hill,—where the grass is long and damp, and think how hard it's going to be to climb that hill, and mutter at the country, and lose what energy you may have awakened by your riding.

No! You pedal on with renewed vigor, hopeful that at the top you will find nice roads ahead, and a long easy coast down hill.

So in Life, when you come to a hill, don't sit down in the shadow of hard thoughts, to loosen or tighten your chain or tires; to lower or raise your seat or handle bars, or fuss with your wheel in any way.

Neither sit there dreaming, watching the tide of resistless humanity scorching past, while at every turn of the pedals on or to drop by the wayside, to dream like yourself.

Don't excuse your own laziness by that of these. These are the nobodies: the people who are never heard of, and who aren't worth hearing of.

The people you read about—the ones who become something—who make themselves something, (not were born that way) are racing past with high gears

and rams horn bars, and are up the hill before they think of it.

And then at the top they will dismount, and lie down in the sweet smelling grass which grows there, kissed by the sunshine, and entertained by glad songs of birds, and be conscious of their duty fulfilled.

They will lie down, and looking far ahead, will see smooth roads and beautiful hopes, and the now and then a hill, they know that they will be but the stronger for its climbing.

And then refreshed and strengthened, they will ride on, through Life's vales and dales, over hill and through valley—meeting, conquering every obstacle; and soon finding that the obstacles are fewer and less terrifying, for they, like everything else, respect and fear the Man who will and does.

And so at last Life becomes one long coast: and while the sun is sinking in the beautiful west, while the twilight deepens, as the birds sing their evening psalms, he will coast down the long smooth hill of well-earned Old Age.

Slower, more slowly; until at last scarcely moving, a thousand hands will reach out to support him, and a thousand voices will welcome him "Home" forever.

" A FABLE."

There was once a Flower.

Soon after This reached its greatest Luxuriance there began a long Dry Spell.

The Flower faded, drooped, dried up, and died. Then it Rained.

Soon after this a Traveler happened by, and noticing the Abundant Water around the Flower, stopped and wondered.

And he thought how much this Flower was like a Person.

It grew and bloomed into the brightest of its Hopes; and then the Sun of Hatred; and the Hot Wind of Jealousy; and the Drought of Meanness attacked it, and it died.

And after it was Dead, the copious Rains of Praise and Blessings descended, and cooled its parched leaves, and dampened its sterile soil.

But it was Too Late.

* *

How many a Man can starve alone, and freeze unnoticed, who has but to die to fill his house with friends.

H. E. THINX.



FIVE MINUTE TALKS-111

3

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

Last time I gave some specimens of diction peculiar to our English cousins, and I might have added that our corresponding expressions seem just as strange and odd to them as theirs to us. This month I wish to call to mind some other phases of language, incident to our tongue as well as those of other nations. It is the destiny of language to change in pronunciation and spelling, as well as in diction, though the lavish use of the printing-press in recent times serves to retard variations in spelling and meaning, much more than in pronunciation. Lately I read in a text-book on rhetoric a page of Hamlet's Soliloguy, where the probable pronunciation of the words in Shakespeare's time was given by phonetic spelling. It would scarcely be understood by us Americans today; indeed we should likely take it to be that of some foreign speech. Greater interest and better understanding are imparted to the older poems of our literature, if we know the pronunciation in rhymes that now seem to us uncouth at first glance, simply because we do not know or recall that when written they sounded alike. One recent evening I heard some olden lines recited in a Masonic ritual; they seemed a travesty on sense till I chanced to think of the contemporary English pronunciation of the same words, and then the beauty of the couplets revealed itself as a ray of sunshine breaks through a rift of cloud. It were well if our classes in English literature might learn the sounds of the older speech as well as the printed forms. One time I ventured to attend a recitation in Shakespeare in a distant high school. The pupils read passages, one after the other, and as I had no book I sought to follow the meaning from their utterances. I might as well have listened to the jargon of Chinese, for not a single thought could I grasp by ear of what the verses contained. Being so bold as to suggest to the teacher privately afterwards that the pupils needed much drill in oral realing, I was dumbfounded at the protest raised by her that it was not her mission to teach elocution. Shades of the Avon bard! To call that incoherent mumbling "reading Shakespeare," when half the beauty of a poem lies in its sound of

words! Good oral reading is an education in itself, and one of the most needed in these modern times. Who that has abiding yet the memory of Edwin Booth's matchless utterances can fail to testify to the illumination of the meaning of the text they gave with every breath? One of the very best forms of home study I can recommend to high school pupils, and to mature beings as well, is the practice of reading aloud and listening in turn. Common speech is continually improved thereby in every form of its expression-enunciation, pronunciation, and emphasis. In former days in New England, by the gleam of winter lamps and fires, this was the regular feature of the evening, and much of the intellectual culture the down-easters took on in time came from their adherence to this praiseworthy custom.

How shall we pronounce English? Dialects are developing in the different provinces of our country, in obedience to the inexorable law of language. We can readily tell by his accent and vocabulary a Northerner from a Southerner, a Western man from an Eastern man. Those that come to dwell in different parts of our Union acquire a cosmopolitan touch to their speech. After all, there are two kinds of speech for every educatel man or woman, one the every-day use of the people in the place where he lives; the other the more uniform utterance exemplified in the spelling book and the dictionaries. It was even so, they tell us, with ancient Latin; the polished orations of Cicero used a dialect common to the lettered class, while a very different form of speech prevailed among the millions. In school we aim to learn and use such English as is employed by the best writers and speakers, alike by a Scott and a Lytton, a Longfellow, a Trackeray, a Howells, a Gladstone, and an Emerson. It is the sesame to the door of culture at home and abroad. In the marketplace or the public walk, we take up with the colloquial forms preserved by tradition or springing from the local sources, in either case voicing our thoughts in the garb of speech most becoming to the time and place, with gracious courtesy to our auditors. Lae speech of the humble is quite as strong and terse as

that of the exalted, and nothing is more pedantic than to insist on the niceties of pronunciation preferred by the scholar, when in converse with those whose lives deal with the necessities of action rather than with the luxuries of thought. This certainly must not be taken to mean any sanction of slang, or of errors of speech, or of uncouth pronunciations. On the contrary, those of us who may be endowed with the graces of education are in duty bound to be always an example in our speech, true to our training.

It is better to observe the colloquial use in the locality where we may be, when in conversation with the residents generally, than to insist on the dictum of the books. By so conforming we avoid the odium of pedantry. At the same time we can acquire the pronunciations generally accepted in the scholarly world, and use them in our own readings, and in our intercourse with others that have cultivated the same habits of speech.

We can learn a lesson wisely from the fact that the New Testament was promulgated in the dialect common to the untutored people, insted of in the forms of classic Greek.

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND.

The Hetuck, like Osteopathy, is a step in the field of progress. The closing years in the nineteenth century are fraught with innovations ordained for a higher civilization. Osteopathy, the grandest discovery in behalf of humanity, has demonstrated its potency as a therapentical agent and the category of diseases successfully treated, outnumber that of any other therapy. It reduces fever in three minutes, it cures headache in ten minutes, and treats other acute conditions equally as expeditious. It is no less successful in chronic disorders. It brings the confirmed invalid of years standing, once more to a condition of health. All this is accomplished without the use of drugs-a feature heartily recommended, for "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce the disease."-(Joseph M. Smith, M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons.)

H. T. IRVING, Diplomate in Osteopathy, Office No. 79 North Third Street.

CARROLL'S STORE.

GIVEN:

A Youthful Face and Figure

ENHANCED BY

Pretty and Becoming Attire, and there need be no such word as "Fail" in your lexicon.

True, the clothes do not make the man, but they undoubtedly contribute a large share to your happiness and success in life.

Whether you want a new dress, a stylish jacket, a dainty pair of gloves, or any of the many charming little accessories that add so much style to your costume, we can show you the best, the handsomest and the newest assortment in town.

VENETIANS.

Softer and more becoming than silk, this handsome goods is one of the season's favorites. In all new street shades as well as the lovely, dainty colors suitable for evening. Exquisite in texture and color. 54 inches wide, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$2.00.

JACKETS.

The new fall shapes are exceedingly jaunty and pretty and are thoroughly well tailored. We have been told that we have the best and cheapest line of jackets, golf capes, automobiles and box coats in town.

JOHN J. CARROLL.



The Romance at Bunker City



Bunker City was one of the first towns east of Dawson, just over the Alaskan line, and on a little tributary of Forty Mile Creek.

It had struggled into existence when the hopes of certain erstwhile Dawsonites had gone about as low as their provisions—and the thermometer.

Several of them had gone East, and finding pay dirt, settled down and started to work.

The diggings hadn't proven immensely rich, but they were profitable, and Bunker City soon increased in size from 15 to 50 or 60 shanties, and then to twice as many.

It boasted two saloons—with of course a hotel and dance hall to each; a general store; and a chief man.

What was most wanted was a woman, or rather a number of them.

The Bunker Cityites saw their neighbors, (fifteen miles of snow distant) in Busted Hope, where they hadn't seen a streak of color for six months, having merry with a dozen 'shes', while they, 'the inhabitants of Bunker City, where every man had a lead, and dust was plenty, were compelled to bang their own untuned piano, and dance hoe downs to their own accompaniment.

At a general gathering in the "Red Hot" Saloon, it was even suggested that an agent be sent out at the town's expense to find some females; but the proposition was quickly voted down.

Any town that was driven to such lengths as that would soon be the laughing stock of the Gold Belt.

"Just wait," the leaders said, "and they'll come." But waiting got tiresome.

One late afternoon, just as the sun was going down through the eastern trails, and throwing up long tentacles of light, as the trying to fasten himself upon the mountain peaks, and thus prolong his stay, there came over the trail from Dawson City one of those sleek, well fed looking individuals, who can at once be put down as a professional gambler.

Of course he told the usual tale of prospecting, being very much interested in how the claims were panning out, as well he might, for the better the claims the easier his victims.

But Bunker City already possessed much civic pride; and while they weren't making much show about it, and hadn't even thought of a City Building, there being no politicians there in need of money, nevertheless they had prepared for just such an event as this.

It had been arranged weeks before that the first sharper who struck the town should be given a lesson that would teach others to stay away—for the Bunkerites had been through the sad school of experience.

That night the stranger readily secured a place in one of the many poker games in the "Birch Bark" Saloon, and got himself in shape to clean up the town.

For some untold reason the interest of the room seemed to center around the table where the stranger sat.

Things ran on for some time about as usual, with no very high stakes won or lost.

It was about 11 o'clock, when Bill Williams, who was known as the shrewdest player in town, carried the betting past any point it had yet reached—but the stranger stayed with him.

Bill raised the stranger; then the stranger raised Bill.

Ounce after ounce of gold went on the table.

The raising continued. The stacks of dust grew-higher.

Men crowded and elbowed their way in to see the bluffing.

At last the stranger called, and throwing down his hand, showed four aces and a king.

He was reaching for the stakes when Bill very deliberately pushed his hand away, and laying down the eight, nine, ten, Jack and Queen of Diamonds, said, "I guess that takes it."

And it certainly did.

The stranger wanted to cry foul play, but was told that the game was over for the evening, and that he had better go to his room.

He saw the temper of the crowd, and very quietly obeyed.

How Bill Williams got that straight flush I won't pretend to say, but I've always thought that several

of the men who were standing near the table could probably throw a good deal of light on it.

But Bill had them, and the one lesson was enough for the stranger. The next morning Mr. Richard Franklin, prospector, started back to Dawson.

The day after he left a startling rumor began to fly around the town. It was nothing less than that at last a woman had come.

And it proved true.

She'd come in that morning, and been engaged on the instant by the proprietor of the Birch Bark Saloon and Hotel, as pianist and waitress.

With that engagement the temporary ruin of his rival was assured.

By a common impulse work was knocked off earlier that night, and each man vied with his neighbor in his personal appearance, and then stampeded to the Birch Bark for supper.

After supper the 'new woman' played year old popular tunes on the piano, and tried to accompany them in a rather cracked voice.

Later in the evening it was suggested that Sarie, (she had given her name as Sarah) should take part in a little game.

Sarie admitted that she knew now to play, 'but really didn't want to then'. But upon being urged she consented.

Of course every one wanted to play at her table, and weren't at all watchful of their hands, with the result that she soon had quite a stack of gold to the good.

It was about 12 o'clock when Sarie said that she was going to quit, and that she was on her last game.

It may have so happened, but after events have led me to think that it wasn't wholly accidental, that Pill Williams was in this game.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Sarie, before the game started, "I'm going to double, or go broke."

The men all shouted their approbation, and declared that Sarie was a trump.

She started the bidding, and the next man dropped out at once.

Bill raised her; as did the fourth player.

Then she raised him, and Bill kept it up.

The other man stopped, but Sarie raised again,

The piles of dust were getting high, and the game interesting.

A couple of more rounds, and Bill called, laying down four aces and the queen of Spades.

"I hate to take it, but I guess it's mine, Sarie," Bill said, as he reached towards the piles.

"Well, let's see. Don't you call this a-

"Straight flush," yelled a dozen men.

"Well, I'll be -

"No you won't!" yelled the same chorus. "Sarie, you're a trump. You've beat the best poker player in town."

The celebration lasted several minutes, but Sarie finally got away, carrying all her gold with her.

The next morning Sarie didn't come down to help get breakfast, but the landlord thought she might not be used to getting up early, so decided to leave her alone the first morning.

But she didn't come down for dinner, and he began to grow anxious.

No one answered to repeated knockings at her door, so it was finally broken in.

On a chair was some woman's clothing, and on the table a note, neatly folded, and addressed to "The City of Bunker." It read:

Gentlemen:—I congratulate you upon having in your midst such a good poker player as Mr. William Williams, but I am surprised when I think that because he once won with a straight flush against four aces he would not remember it, and not be so certain of winning with four aces.

I wish to thank you all for your fine treatment yesterday. I was so favorably impressed with your city during my first visit that I could not resist the temptation to return. Sincerely yours,

RICHARD FRANKLIN

(Lately known as Sarie.)

R. B. M., '01.

PERSONALS.

The commercial class are in favor purchasing a new looking glass for their department, as the old one is badly cracked, being unable to stand the severe strain to which it was subjected.

% &

The members of the Commercial Sophomore class wish to know why Mr. O. casts such sly glances towards the right hand corner of the room. The only answer we can think of is "Because."

* *

Teacher—Paul, what do you consider the best make of a mandolin?

Paul--Why, a Howard, of course. There is nothing to equal it for sweetness.



PERSONALS



Mary P. gets her Will Freer lately.

* *

Helen G.'s favorite amusement is Goff.

. !

Shirley P. is especially partial to dogs.

* *

Jessie B. is especially interested in street cars.

of of

Bessie T. says there is but one Bogg in Newark.

× ×

Ralph M. finds Joy at school—and also back and forth.

* *

Cora D. is short, but Fred Metz is afraid she may get Long some day.

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It is rumored that Lizzie Z. has a little Pig which follows her to school.

٠٠٠ ا

Why was it that when looking at the moon Fred M. saw several images?

* *

We pity Gideon L. his long tramp this winter out to the Grove south of town.

* *

John—If you see this, come home immediately. If you don't see it, come Friday.

× ×

Opposites like opposites. This rule does not vary in regards to Ada O. and Don G.

* *

Jerome Ferguson is trying to get Bright—it is doubtful whether he will succeed.

* *

It is rumored that Leo Davis is a champion Fisher and will soon catch Flora.

* *

Roy H. wants Santa Claus to bring him a high chair so he can look out of the windows.

36

Mabel Burke (describing the permanence of mountains) "Well, they last for awhile."

* *

Why was it every one laughed when Mary P. said (in the debate) "I like my opponent"?

× ×

The girls on the back seat in the astronomy class bring their dolls to school to play with.

× . ×

Paul F. and Judie S. have been caught in Mary's Webb much to the sorrow of Lawrence Kreig.

Donald Galbreath goes about the school room singing "All I want is my brown leggin back."

* *

There is always a breezy time in the commercial room on account of the numerous drafts it contains.

* *

One of the Senior boys has become quite a favorite by supplying some of the girls of his class with candy.

* *

Mabel M. devotes her spare time to looking out of the windows eagerly watching for Licking Creamery wagon.

A . M

Aaron W.'s long walk to school seems so much shorter when he is accompanied by a fair-haired Senior.

34. 34.

We wonder which was the more soothing, Dan'te or Milton, that put Earl Seward to sleep in the Senior-English class.

× .×

We wonder who the lucky fellow is that keeps Lucile up to such a late hour that she can see the morning star.

* .*

Ralph Miller has discovered a new kind of Bush which has aroused much interest in botanical circles. It is a B Bush.

* *

Roy Hartshorn was enraptured when a certain young lady sang "Believe" at the literary society. We wonder why.

.42 .42

Ask Fred Metz the definition of the word "cute." He was rather slow learning it 'tis true, but now he applies it to all the girls.

& M

Earl S. has applied for the position to load the government guns (instead of the paper basket) with chestnut and peanut shells.

* *

Although the commercial class enjoys all the branches of their work, they take their greatest pleasure in writing notes.

* .

It is reported that Mr. D. is becoming quite interested in "taking notes." Ask Hallie C. and Earl A. of the Freshman class, if this is not true.

* *

The Junior girls are especially sought after by Harold Kemp. First it was Mary—then Cassie, but now it is Mabel—and the third time is charm, you know



LOCALS



The Glee Club met on Friday, November 16.

* *

Paul Mitchell visited Chapel on November 23.

× 3

Claron O'Bannon visited Chapel on December 9th.

× - ×

The pupils were granted a holiday on Thanksgiving.

× ×

Prof. Humes and Mr. Ottman exchanged classes for a week or so in commercial arithmetic.

× ×

Mrs. Sprankle, formerly our music teaher, was a welcome visitor in Chapel on December 9th.

* *

Miss Lucile Harrington of the Senior Class, visited relatives in Columbus during Thanksgiving.

× ×

Mr. Joe Bradfield of the Junior Class, has accepted a position with an electric firm in Connecticut.

× 36

If you didn't see the Newark High School foot ball team perform the Revolving Wedge—you may see it at the High School Chapel December 20. Admission 25 cents.

* *

For the best Hair Cut and Shave call at A. P. Teusher's.

* *

The Senior Class met Thursday, December 6th to decide on the printing of the tickets for "The Revolving Wedge." A committee of three, Bee Tracy, Mary Prior, and Roy Hartshorn were appointed to attend to tickets and programs.

The Senior Class met Tuesday, December 13, 1900. Owing to the absence of the President, Vice President J. Garfield Hughes presided. The Secretary being absent, Miss Florence Parrish, secretary pro tem, read the minutes of the last meeting. The Class decided to engage Miss Florence King to instruct those taking part in the play. The meeting then adjourned.

* *

E. F. COLLINS.

Everything in Jewelry and Optical line. Holiday discount of 10 per cent during December.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

* *

The Seniors have decided to give a play on December 20th, 1900. They selected, "The Revolving Wedge," a foot ball romance, in one act by Thornton M. Ware and George P. Baker. The following is the cast of characters:

Mr. Thomas Martin, a Cambridge Gentleman...

Donald Galbreath
Bob Martin, his son, an O. S. U. foot ball player..

Carl Dayton

Mr. Edward Biddle, of Philadelphia, Martin's second cousin......Fred Metz

Dr. George Brown, of Cambridge, Mrs. Martin's

Mrs. Martin, Martin's wife......Mary Neal
Nell Martin, his daughter....Lucile Harrington
Norah, their servant.....Florence Parrish



EXCHANGES

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The Gleam from Walnut Hills comes to our table. The title page is fine, and reflects credit on Miss Lazarus, the artist.

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In an article in The Kero they are trying to push along the organization of a musical club of some sort. A bright idea. Good music is quite an essential part of school work.

* *

The Purpil Advocate comes to us from Middletown this month. It is well edited, and as it starts its race in life at the same time with The Hetuck, we extend our hand, and wish it success.

. Se. Se.

As this is our third issue, we have not many exchanges to note this time. We hope our list will grow larger. All that have come to our table possess merit. Some in one direction and some in another. None of us are perfect, and all are open to criticism. We are willing to have our short-comings pointed out, and of course reserve the right to come back at our correspondents.

* *

We received quite a nice letter from the General Manager of X-Rays. In it he criticises us for mixing our ads and reading matter. We plead guilty, and simply say in defense that we are running The Hetuck for pecuniary as well as literary success. When we become rich and conservative, we shall not transgress in this line, but till then we shall ask our contemporaries to bear with us as patiently as possible and we shall try to improve. The criticism on our "choppy effect" is merited and we shall try and do better.

By the way, sir, what was the matter with your type-writer? You are either not familiar enough with it, or entirely too familiar with her, for in your letter occur 'ten mistakes in spelling, ten in punctuation, and four in capitalization. How about this?

We appreciate the following compliment paid us by the Ohio Teacher in its last issue:

"The Newark High School, with Prof. C. M. Humes as Principal, is publishing a High School Monthly, which is a great credit to the school, from both the mechanical and literary stand-point."

36. Se

We notice that The Gleam offers a couple of prizes for the best "fiction story." So far the editorial board of The Hetuck has been compelled to use the "not available" very often. We shall not offer any cash prizes till we are older in the business.

× ×

The X-Rays for November is an excellent paper, and we have perused it with interest. Its title-page, designed by Mr. Spenser, is unique and seasonable. As X-Rays complacently remarks "East is developing quite anumber of really good artists."

Se. Se.

The exchange editor of X-Rays, to judge from his efforts in the November issue, must be a person with a streak of meanness in him. In his first effort he says some mean things about The Gleam. He then hands a bouquet to the Kero, but gets even in the next paragraph by growling at Polaris.

He then proceeds to ask an impertinent question concerning the salary of one of our contemporaries. Next comes a bouquet, with a string to it, for The Stylus. He then goes after The Kero to make up for the nice things he said before. He has requested us not to read the next item, so we pass it.

He then inserts an Irish joke, which puts him in a better humor, for he follows it with a handsome compliment to Cleveland C. H. S. Monthly. The Tabula then comes in for a bouquet, similar to the one given The Stylus. He ends his spasm with another joke. It is a good thing that last joke filled the page, for the reaction would surely have been a "slam" for somebody.

On second thought, may be he cannot help it. You know you can't expect too much of a boy who parts his name in the middle.

CHRISTMAS.

the gladdest of all days, although they come with houry locks, yet they come with the kindliest smile.

He comes as the friend of many long years, as a dispenser of peace and joy, to all who will Him receive, and although Summer and all that goes to make that part of the year beautiful, is numbered with the past, and all around us is scared and frost-covered, yet with wreaths of holly and ivy we will again welcome our childhood's grandest of all days—Christmas.

I don't think there is any of us but would joyfully welcome as a reality those beautiful illusions we entertained before the stern hand of reality shattered our idol, Santa Claus.

And now we, as a class, are closing our school year and our school term here, would it not be well for us to not only look back over our school life, in the past, consider well the present, and make firm resolves of betterment for the future?

If we are nonest with ourselves which we must be if we hope to succeed in life, we shall find much in our past short life to condemn.

Many times have we slighted lessons that we thought at that time. "Oh, well this or that will not amount to much, will not count for much against our grades, this or that recitation lost or got round in some manner not wholly commendable, this teacher's or that teacher's advise given not only with kindliest feelings, but with sincere desire to help us; yet have we not many times failed to profit by it, but actually ignored the same?

If we could possibly know the amount of time we have wasted, and compare it with the amount we have improved, we certainly would find food for much thought in the comparison.

We are all human, there is none of us but who will the better be if a well meant "thank you" or the other equally sincere marks of sympathy and appreciation be extended.

Teachers as well as pupils are appreciative of these little kindnesses, and what could be more fitting than the Christmas-time to begin; and once began, be sure it shall not be lost. If we have carefully considered the mistakes we have made in the past and aim to avoid a repetition at the present, then our future will be the more easily recorded to

our credit, and to the honor of Him who made it possible for us to enjoy the blessings of a Christmas-time with its attendant peace and good will.

H. E. NOSE, '01.

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY.

Definitions and Axioms.

All boarding houses are the same boarding house. Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another.

A simple room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other, that meet together, but are not on the same floor.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and Propositions.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite ends of a boarding house a line be drawn, passing through all the rooms in turn, then the hot water pipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there are two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

-Hereward Carrington.

CHRONICLE

Now it became known, in the ninth month of the year of Our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred, that the three chief tribes of the "Land of Red and White," namely, the Seniornes, Juniorites and Sophomorites, were to be assembled on a certain day.

And when the king and wise men had communed together they ordered the six captains of the three tribes of Seniorites, Juniorites and Sophomorites to choose each for himself such as were of great strength and wisdom.

And the six captains divided the three tribes into two companies; and the king said, "Let them be called A and B until the assembled people shall decide upon other.

Now, on the fifth day of the eleventh month of the year, one thousand, nine nundred, the king spake, and commanded the host of B's to assemble and choose a first ruler and a second ruler and a scribe.

And after they had communed one with another they chose for their first ruler one Merrill of the kindred of Montgomery, and a certain maiden called Mabel for their scribe, who was also of the Sanhedrim of Juniorites, and for their second ruler Roy, of the tribe of Seniorites.

And on that day six were chosen to be lawgivers and to write on a roll the names of those who were appointed for the sacrifice offered on the fifth day of every second week.

And it came to pass in the sixth day of the same month that the host of A's assembled and did even as their brethren had done.

And their first ruler was Leonard, also called Graham, and their scribe was Florence, both of the tribe of Seniorites, and Joseph, a Juniorite, who has since departed from them and withdrawn into a far country, was their second ruler.

And they did also select three to appoint the victims for the sacrificial altars on the fifth day of every second week, and they did likewise choose five to write laws for the people.

Now, on a certain day when the three tribes were come together in the temple they were com-

manded to look in the lower hall for a roll which bore the names of the victims.

And on that day there was great lamentation throughout the "Land of Red and White," for in each host there was weeping and gnashing of teeth, and all felt exceeding sorrowful for some were named for the first sacrifice.

And on this ninth day of the eleventh month all came into the temple, where seven of the band of B's strove nobly to win the applause of the people, and they did please the people mightily.

And on the sixteenth day the band of A's did assemble with all the band of B's, and did offer up to the nation a goodly offering.

And all departed thence with gladness in their hearts.

And on the twenty-third day the B's again came together, and their sacrifices surely were pleasing, inasmuch, the people went away rejoicing at their wisdom and learning.

And now it came to pass that one of the A's of the Sanhedrim of Juniorites, was chosen for a scribe on the seventh day of the twelht month inasmuch as the twenty-ninth day of the eleventh month was the feast of Thanksgiving, and the thirtieth day one of fasting and mourning, for they were commanded to return to the temple on that day.

And the scribe was sad for many days, for she was smitten with a great fear, and thought much concerning her duty, but did not prepare for the fearful day until the second day of the last week.

Then did she write until the night was far spent, and she became exceeding weary, but labored on that the prophecies concerning the scribe might be fulfilled.

Now it came to pass, that, when the appointed hour was come, and for a fourth time the people were gathered together in the temple, with mingled fear and hope, eight did ascend unto the altar, and did attempt to please the multitude.

Concerning which, every one knows for himself. But let each remember that the day of tribulation will surely come, when with the same emotions he will stand before the multitude.

Therefore let him judge rot that he be not judged.

J. E. M., '02.

Ernest T. Johnson, Druggist and Manufacturer of Rheumatol
No. 10 South Second Street, Newark, Ohio.

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W. T. TRACY, THE SOUTH SIDE GROCER

His stock is carefully selected and consists at all times of the very best the market affords.

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SMITH BROS., AGENTS.

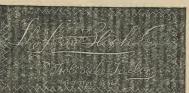
'T will be an awful shame if you miss seeing our line of HOLIDAY GOODS which will soon be ready for your inspection. In the mean time remember we are headquarters for Notions, Gloves, Mittens, Underwear, China and Glassware, Tin, Granite and Queensware, etc.

NEW YORK RACKET STORE, 20 WEST MAIN STREET.

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NEWARK STEAM LAUNDRY Corner Church and Fourth Sts.

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Ready To Wear Clothing

And is favorably known to thousands who wear good Clothes.

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Wall Paper, Window Shades,
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Queensware, Glass Ware,
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Wood and Willow Ware,
Tinware.

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Fourth and Main.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW STATIONERY IN GREAT VARIETY AT

ALLISON'S BOOK STORE

"Whenever one finds a real book, he or she owes it to the rest to tell them about it, that they may read it too. So I pass the word along: Read Eben Holden."

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